

Puck

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"AND JOHN, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT."



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

WITH SEVERAL hundred thousand excited working men on strike, losing no opportunity to commit deeds of violence and disorder, with railroad systems tied up in State after State, with Governor after Governor truckling to the mob in the fear of losing his hold on the labor vote, with the daily papers filled with reports of anarchy and incendiarism, and with the menace of civil strife in the very air, the people of this country might well have been expected to be in a state of panic during these last few weeks. Yet there has been no panic, no lack of public confidence in the stability of our institutions and the power of our laws: except among those whose business brought them into direct contact with the riotous railroad strikers, it may be said that there has been no popular alarm whatever over a state of affairs which has led our excitable British critics to decide that nothing but a new constitution and a total abandonment of all the principles on which our government has so far been conducted can save us from complete and irremediable ruin.

It is not to be denied that the situation itself has been serious enough to call for grave apprehension. In several states the strikers have risen in armed insurrection, and in several others a similar condition was threatened. Trains were stopped, and food supplies withheld on which thousands of people depended for their daily sustenance. Property was daily destroyed, and all who opposed the mob, even government-officials in the discharge of their duty, were stoned, beaten and shot, without mercy or discrimination. In this hour of trial the governors of great states, elected to guard and protect the liberties of the people, betrayed them without remorse and without shame, and either openly encouraged the rioters or opposed them in so half-hearted a way as to practically proclaim their cowardly sympathies. And, even in the Senate of the United States, there were found demagogues to espouse the cause of ruffianly disorder. Surely here was reason enough for alarm, if the people had no trustworthy guarantee that order should finally reign, and that a quarrel between an industrial organization and its employees should not be allowed to involve the Nation in the horrors of civil war. But such a guarantee the people had, and the people knew it. The people knew that, over all the Governors of mob-ridden states, they had set, by their own vote and choice, the Chief Executive of the Federal Government, and that they could put unhesitating trust in his wisdom, his loyalty and his courage.

Few public men have won warmer friends or bitterer enemies than Grover Cleveland. He has excited the hostility of a great and powerful popular element by opposing economic theories that had been for many years accepted, or at least tolerated, by the sectional majorities of the country. There is hardly a step of his political career where he has not found himself confronted with opposition, sometimes obviously selfish, blindly partisan and unpatriotic; sometimes entitled to the credit that attaches to difference of opinion in good faith. To a public man whose course has been of this uncompromising directness, the tribute of confidence that the whole people have lately paid him is infinitely more significant than it could be if he had for one instant sought to avoid antagonisms, to disguise his purposes, or to palter with the principles which he held to be vital and important. It is not necessary here to discuss those principles; but we who share them with him are proud to see that, in the hour of need and peril, the thousands who have disagreed with him unite with the thousands who have agreed with him, in putting trust in his manhood and in his devotion to the welfare of the country which has chosen him for its chief magistrate.

We have a certain hesitation in making a comparison which must be to the discredit of a defeated political opponent — and one who has taken his defeat with as much dignity and propriety as could be expected of an ambitious man cut short in his season of success. But if it be unkind — and we have no wish to be unkind — it is neither unfair nor unjust, to say that in such a time of stress and strain, President Cleveland's predecessor could never have commanded the public confidence as President Cleveland commands it to-day. There is not one fair-minded and honest Republican who would deny the fact that had this outburst of anarchy occurred under President Harrison's administration, he would have had to ask himself, and with grave anxiety, what course the President would take in a matter that so closely involved his future political prospects. Whereas, he no more questions the attitude of Mr. Cleveland on such a point of principle than he would question the fidelity of the Supreme Court of the United States. He may differ with the leader of the opposition party on political points; but on points that are not dubious, on the question of the duty of loyalty, faithfully and fearlessly upholding the faith of the land, protecting property and safeguarding the peace of the people, he knows that the man elected against his desire and against his vote is entitled to his profoundest confidence. And it is greatly to his credit that by his conduct, action and example, he has said so throughout all this troublous time, and has shown himself a patriot rather than a partisan.

The lesson of this ought to be clear, and we believe it is. The Altgelds, the Waites, the Pennoyers, the Marshalls, who live upon the breath of cheap popularity, who will barter principle, opinion, honor, and even mere masculine courage, for a handful of votes, are the men who desert the people whom they profess to love, respect and serve, at the moment when that people must stand in dire distress and danger. The man who says his say, fearless of the clamor of the hour, who strives to serve the people, not with lip-service nor with flattering phrases, but to their own best good, according to his own best lights, is the man who, when the crucial hour comes, holds their faith and trust, and has behind him, should the occasion call for it, what the greatest of all Americans called "the full measure of their devotion."

THE AMERICAN PLAN.

ENGLISHMAN.—How do you manage the riotous foreigners who flock into this country?

AMERICAN.—Oh, we have no trouble at all! We put half of them on the police force, and let them fight the other half.

THE PROBABLE CAUSE.

MRS. HAWEATER (a Kansas matron).—I have just been reading about a mysterious phenomenon in the state of Indiana that burns the leaves off from the trees and sucks the glass out of the windows.

MR. HAWEATER.—H'm! I did n't know ex-Senator John James Ingalls had gone to Indiana.

1950.

MR. RATTS.—Little boy, do you know that you may grow up to be President of the United States?

LITTLE BOY.—Me little sister might have a show; but I guess I ain't in it.

FALSE PRETENCES.

VAN UPTON.—Jimson wants to join our Society of Colonial Sons.

HAMILTON.—Nonsense! Jimson is not an American. It is n't a week since I heard him mentioned as a possible Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York.

WHEN IT comes to strikes, the strikers never make a home run.

NO MATTER how little we love our neighbor, we can see no reason why he should not have kindly feelings toward us.



ANOTHER USE FOR THE PHONOGRAPH.

As a cure for Insomnia, it would beat medicines and drugs out of sight if loaded with one of the usual Sunday morning sermons.



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A CONVINCING PROOF.

GRACE HAUTEUR.—How do you know he can't act?

HOFFMAN HOWES.—All the matinée girls in town are in ecstasies about him!

A CONNAISSEUR.

CALLER.—What a beautiful statuette, Mrs. Packer! It is a perfect poem in marble!

MRS. PORQUE PACKER.—Well, it oughter to be; for husband, he's calc'lated that that there statue cost nineteen dollars and ninety-seven cents a pound!

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"What kind of men do you like best to eat?" asked the traveler.

"The kind your mother used to make," rejoined the cannibal, with a hard, significant look.

A BUSINESS GIRL.

"I find you are not the girl for me," he faltered, cringing before the scornful glance of the telephone operator, to whom he had plighted his troth.

"Ring off, then, please!" she exclaimed, extending her hand, not without a show of petulance.



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THE TEST.

THE EDITOR.—Mr. Bard, how do you distinguish between your verse and your poetry?

MR. BARD.—I read it to my wife, sir. If she understands it, it's verse; if she does n't, it's poetry.

PEGSTIFF.—Was it the liquor habit that killed Colonel Dizzy?
SOUTHERN RESIDENT.—No, sir; it was not! It was ennui, sir! Ennui! They had n't had a nigger disorder in his town for a week, sir; an' the Colonel just pegged clean out!

THE ARMLESS wonder is quite handy with his feet.

HALF THE world does not know why the other half lives.

FISTIC GLADIATORS, who fight for small purses, are usually penny-wise and pounded foolish.



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IN DOUBT.

DUSTY RHODES.—I'm losing my grip.

FITZ WILLIAM.—What's the matter?

DUSTY RHODES.—The last time I was here I put a cross on that gate, and now I can't recollect whether it stood for "ten cents" or "saw buck."

NOT ASKING CREDIT.



IT WAS a good four miles of steep and rocky road between the railroad station and the top of Sugar Hill. And, doubtless, the messenger who had brought the telegram felt, as he halted his weary steed at Elder Keeler's door, that he had earned his fifty cents.

"Mornin', Elder!" he called out sociably over the fence; "I've got a telegram fer ye."

"A telegram! Wal, now, what 's it erbout?" said the Elder wonderingly, as he set down the pail from which he was splashing the tops of his potato plants with paris green, and advanced to the gate.

"I dunno; but the operator said I was ter hev fifty cents fur bringing it to ye," answered the boy with business shrewdness, as he handed over the envelope.

"Wal, it's wuth it, I reckon. But I ain't got any money in these clothes. I'll call Mother."

And, in answer to his summons, the hearty form of Mrs. Keeler appeared in the doorway.

"Have ye got four shillin's to pay fer this telegram?" asked the Elder.

"A telegram!" exclaimed his wife. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Aunt Emily's dead! I know she is. Sol Peters told me his wife's niece said she's been ailing lately."

"Wal, now, cheer up, Mother!" said the Elder, soothingly; "perhaps it ain't erbout Aunt Emily at all."

"Oh, I know it is! I know she's dead!" sobbed Mrs. Keeler, as she raised the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"I dunno. Perhaps it's from Tom, to say he's coming up to see us. Likely 'nough that's it. Since he's been in New York he don't think no more of money than if it was corn shucks."

"No; it's erbout Aunt Emily. Open it quick, and see when the funeral's to be!"

"How can I open it until you give me the money to pay fer it?" asked the Elder, with scrupulous New England conscientiousness. "Run in and get fifty cents out of the bureau drawer, Mother!"

"Why, Father! We ain't got a cent in the house. You gave all the change we had to the blacksmith, yesterday."

"So I did. Now, that's too bad," said the Elder, as he scratched his head perplexedly.

"Oh, poor Aunt Emily! Poor Aunt Emily!" moaned his wife.



THE RETORT FINANCIAL.

MR. GOLDSTIEN.—I would rather zee my taughter in der grave dan your vife.

MR. SILVERSTIEN.—Is dot so? I did nod know you haf her life inzured.



ON A WESTERN PRAIRIE.

MRS. SUBBUBS.—Oh, George! Is it not beautiful? It looks like some great sea.

MR. SUBBUBS.—I'm mighty glad I have n't got the job of keeping it in trim with a lawn mower.

"Now, don't take on so, Mother. It may n't be Aunt Emily. May be some un else. Here you are, Sonny," continued the Elder; "I ain't got the fifty cents fer this now. Here's yer telegram!" And he handed over the unopened envelope with visible reluctance.

"What'll I do with it?" asked the boy.

"Less see; to-day's Thursday, ain't it?"

"Yes; of course!"

"Wal, I'll tell yer what I'll do. I'm a-goin' ter fetch down some eggs an' stuff ter the store on Saturday, and you just keep the telegram till then, an' I'll call at yer house an' git it, an' pay yer fer bringing it. And mind yer don't lose it, now. Boys is drefle kerless."

And the Elder went back to his work with a curious mind but untroubled conscience.

Harry Romaine.



TO DRESSMAKERS.

A SUGGESTION FROM COLUMNS IN THE PARTHENON.

THE WORM TURNS.

"You never catch me talking through my hat," ostentatiously announced the girl in the second row from the orchestra, to her escort.

"You leave that for the actors to do," murmured the sad man just behind her, almost inaudibly.

THE DESIRE of some men to wobble around in a big place rather than fill a small one, accounts for many reversals of fortune.

ST. PETER.—You'd better take a check for your body.

You'll get mixed when it comes to the resurrection.

SPIRIT.—Not if I know myself!

LISTEN, LOVERS!

TELL ME a tale of deepest love,
And then confide me your despair;
For she, all fairest fair above,
Inconstant is as she is fair.
Such will the sequel ever prove,
Unless, as I advise you do:
You have her fall in love with you.



If in your heart the secret dwell,
You find its sweet possession pain;
And yet, when you contrive to tell
Your passion, it is worse than vain —
A willing slave yourself you sell.
The which you would not need to do,
If first she fell in love with you.

She swings love, in her light caprice,
A pendulum 'twixt pout and smile;
Leaving, in place of hope and peace,
The consciousness of woman's guile,
And jealousy without surcease.
Yet her flirtations would be few,
If she were dead in love with you.

The separation that endears
(Too oft in quarters new, alas!)
For you is filled with doubts and fears,
While trippingly *her* blithe days pass.
Whereas, with trustfulness and tears,
She might hold out a month, or two,
If she were but in love with you.

When lovers' quarrels cloud the sky,
That otherwise were all serene,
'Midst pride and anger mounting high
No speck of clearing blue is seen,
No reconciliation nigh —
Ah! she would first for pardon sue,
If, *vice versa*, she loved you.

Suppose the course of true love flow
Miraculously smooth, until
Her hand upon you she bestow,
And you are joined, for good, for ill.
Such luck is rare; but, even so,
You might regret, unless you knew
That she was first in love with you.
Henry Tyrrell.

CLASSIFIED.

WILLIAM ANN. — I suppose you know about every one in your town?
MORRISON ESSEX. — I don't know all their names; but I know what
trains they catch.



HIS SPHERE.

AMATEUR POET (*loftily*). — Aw! Here is a little thing I wrote in
five minutes last evening.
EDITOR (*astounded*). — You did? Why, man alive! Any one who
can write that in five minutes ought to make his living by his pen.
POET (*much flattered*). — Oh, thanks! —
EDITOR. — Yes. You can get fifty cents a thousand for addressing
envelopes.

CONSISTENCY.

PUCK ADMIRES CONSISTENCY IN ALL THINGS. FOR INSTANCE — IN THE CASE OF CANES AND UMBRELLA HANDLES.



FOR THE DUDE.



FOR OUR GIRLS.



FOR THE TOUGH.



FOR UNCLE ISAACS.



FOR THE BARKEEPER.



FOR THE BALLET GIRL.



FOR THE CROOK.



FOR OUR PASTOR.

FOR THE DOCTOR AND
UNDERTAKER.FOR USE IN WALL
STREET.FOR THE RULERS OF OUR
HOUSEHOLD.

FEMININE FICKLENESS.

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DEJECTED YOUTH.—Ha, ha, ha! She has played me false. What a fool I was to put my faith in her! True to her womanly nature, she has broken the promise so sacredly given me—a promise on which my whole happiness depended! One hour ago I was happy—happy in the hope she had instilled into my heart; but now my life is a blank! Ah! woman, woman, woman, thou art a—



CELTIC FEMALE (rushing in).—Sure, Mr. Upton, here is yez shirt! Oi'd 'a' had it here whin Oi promised, but me ould mon came home early fer his supper, and Oi just this minute finished it.

LOVE ON ICE.



WHAT though it's ninety in the shade?
My sweetheart is a Boston maid!
I shiver with delight to see
Her cold, sweet profile turned to me;
Her eyes, a dark pellucid gray,
Are cool as an October day.

Cool are the snowy finger-tips
That into mine she sometimes slips;
Clear-cut cool are all her tones,
As icebergs in the frigid zones;
And even when displeased, she's pleasing,
For her rebukes are always freezing.

And so, although in other days
Of other maids I sing the praise,
Of sunny faces, radiant eyes,
Warm hearts and fervent sympathies,
When Summer makes discomfort real,
The Boston Girl's the Belle Ideal.

Hilda Johnson.

A CONCESSION.

JUDGE.—You have been found guilty of assaulting the man who took the job you abandoned, attacking your employer and burning his property. What have you to say for yourself?

PRISONER.—Wull, y'r anner, Oi'm willing to ar-rbytrate.

INCREASING THE ANNUAL LANDSLIDE.

FIRST PROHIBITIONIST.—Big mistake to put Smith on the State ticket.

SECOND PROHIBITIONIST.—Yes, indeed! Jones would poll sixteen or eighteen votes more in this county alone.

TOO LATE.

"This Senate tariff bill must make the protected manufacturers feel sick."

"Why should they feel sick?"

"Because they did n't ask for more."

ONE THING a woman never can learn—that liquids will leak out of a pasteboard lunch box.

TAKE CARE of the pennies, and the dollars will be blown in by your heirs.

TWENTIETH CENTURY POLITICS.

MRS. BROWN-JONES.—Mrs. Smythe is opposing your nomination bitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way?

MRS. JONES-BROWN.—It is impossible. Twenty-four years ago I said that her baby was small for its age.

SURE TO BE SELECT.

FARMER PEAVICK.—Be you folks goin' ter the church social at the Corners this evenin'?

MRS. SUMMERBOARD.—I think not. We rarely go to affairs of that kind, unless they are very select.

FARMER PEAVICK.—Oh, this here 'll be select enough! The Selectmen uv the village is all goin' to be there.



A STRIKE'S FINANCIAL RESULT.

WIFE.—Afther a stroike of sivin wakes yez ar-re goin' back at the ould wages?

HUSBAND.—Thot's thrue.

"Phwere 's th' gain?"

"Gain? Sure, you've got a regular job washin' fur sivin-teen families that you nivir wud 'av' thought av luckin' fur if Oi had n't been out o' wur-r-uk."

REASSURING.

REV. HARKURST.—And so you think the police will really rush in and stop that glove fight before it approaches brutality?

BOWERY BILL.—You betcher life. The feller they've bet on will git licked if they don't.

THE RAPID Russian eats the candle at both ends.

AFTER AWHILE some economist will try to invent a wheelbarrow without a wheel.

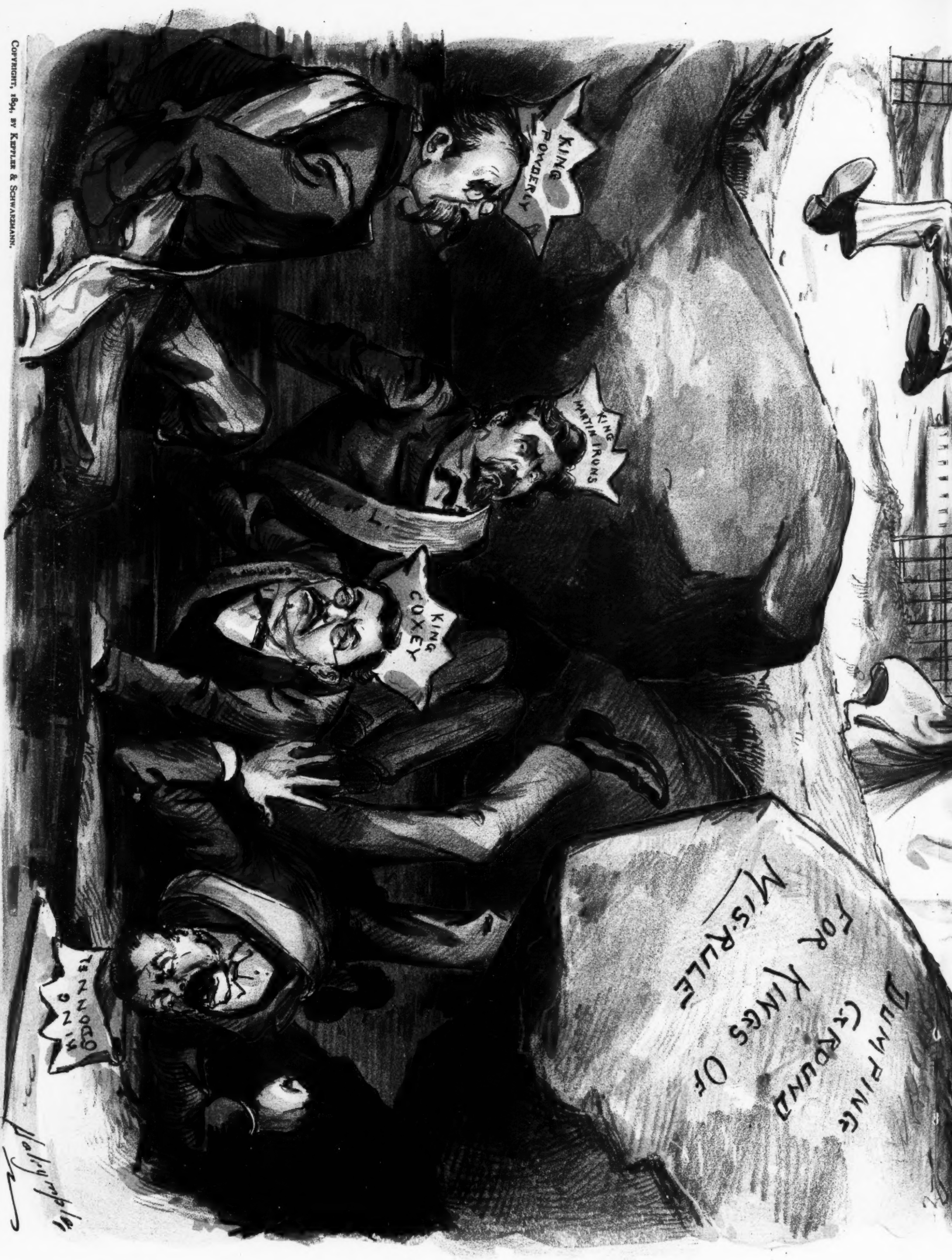
THE BONDS of matrimony don't always pay dividends.



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THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE PLATT-TAMMANY DEAL.

PLATT GETS THE COUNTRY AND GILROY GETS THE TOWN.



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THEY ALL LAND THERE AT LAST!

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HUMAN NATURE AT OUR SUMMER HOTEL.



WE STROLL in leafy ways, and find delight
In spreading fields with wanton bloom bedight;
We know the tangled lanes; we penetrate
Green woodlands. But we chiefly speculate
On whether Mrs. Bagby's ear-rings be
Paste or be diamonds, and whether she
Has been abroad much, and has really got
Betided close acquaintance; we think not.

The music of the Summer air we hear —
Cow-bells, and rushing streams, and the sweet, clear
Song of the thrush; we view the sunset glow
From grassy hills. But we should like to know —
We would desire with certainty to say
Whether that widow (forty, if a day)
Thinks for a single minute we can't see
She's bleached her hair, and paints outrageously.

The starry nights we love, when the stilled breeze
Whispers in softened key, and stirs the trees
In tenderness; and elfin fire-flies are
Thickly aglint; and frogs pipe their faint, far
Weird song. But mostly we are wondering
Whether the gentlemen mean the least thing
By their ridiculous attentions to
That giddy Flint girl; we don't think they do.

Yes, we commune with Nature; but prefer
Not to be hindered or engrossed by her;
We gather blossoms, drink at mossy springs,
Do all the usual and proper things.
But we are most content, and happiest,
And feel for life the deepest, keenest zest
When in our cheerful, comfortable way
We sit and smoke and gossip and crochet.

Emma A. Oppen.

A GLAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

The poet came in, trembling with suppressed excitement.
"Speak! I can not bear the suspense!" said the anxious wife of his bosom.

"Ah, darling!" he cried; "I have good news; the last magazine on the list has refused my poem on 'Purity.' I can now sell it to the Whitesuds Soap Company at double rates, without a twinge from my artistic conscience!"

TRUE IN ONE SENSE ONLY.

PRIMUS.—Time is money, is n't it?
SECUNDUS.—Your creditors don't find it so.



A MATTER OF CLOTHES.

MILLY.—There are no social distinctions among the savages.
SARAH.—Of course! They live where it is Summer all the time.



THE RURAL HUMORIST.

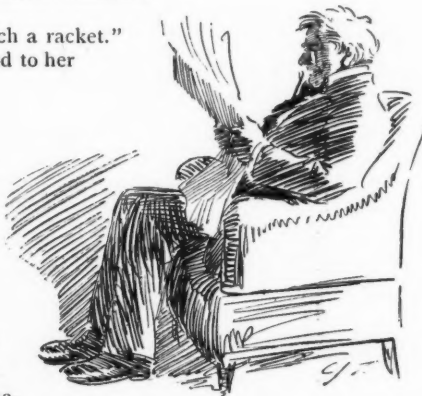
FARMER GRAYNECK.—Whoa, there, Prima Donna!
BYSTANDER.—That is a very peculiar name for a mule, it seems to me.
FARMER GRAYNECK.—Not at all! You see, she is always kickin' at nothin'!

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Between the estranged husband and wife a tearful maiden pleaded.
"Don't," she cried, in agony, "quarrel over me!"
They stood aloof and silent.
"I can't —"
As she entreated, her glance wandered
from one to the other.
"—sleep at all with such a racket."
Having spoken, she retired to her
own flat, just below.

SARCASTIC.

HICKS.—The paper says
there was a fire started in
our street early this morning.
MRS. HICKS.—Well,
nobody will suspect you of
building it!



HOW DOES IT END?

SILLICUS.—I see nothing
against these interna-
tional marriages. Why
should n't a titled nobleman, even if his life has been a little rapid,
marry a rich, young girl? The thing is a mutual co-partnership.
CYNICUS.—Yes; in which she furnishes the money, and he
the experience.

A NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

"Did Nelson finally marry that little relic of Puritanism?"
"Yes; but she demanded of him some good reason why he
jilted that Boston girl, before she would accept him."
"And what was the reason he gave?"
"That he met her just then."

LOST HIS WAY.

HAPPY PILGRIM.—I'm going to the better land —
CONDUCTOR.—You're on the wrong route, then, Mister. This train
goes to Chicago.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

LAWYER (20th century).—Is there anything to prevent your finding
a verdict based on the evidence?
TALESMAN.—Yes;—you have accepted my wife as a member of
the jury.



HARD LINES.

TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—I presume you have to endure more or less hardship in such a new country as this, Mr. Harps?

THE REVEREND MR. HARPS.—Well, yes; I have a good many trying experiences, one time and another. For instance, last Sabbath my mule was sick, and I walked eleven miles, preached one sermon, married two couples, and ate two wedding dinners; and when I reached home I found my mule dead, and that I was too late to witness the tar-and-feathering of a wife-beater that I had counted on seeing.

HIS SPECIALTY.

STAYLATE.—My friends tell me I should have been an actor.

ETHEL KNOX.—You would have made a great hit at a continuous performance.

HUMILIATION.

He came from the wave with a bound,
All filled with a great disgust;
And he borrowed a parasol,
For his bathing-suit was bust.



TOO EXPENSIVE.

FATHER PHELAN.—Why is it ye're never at work, Mulvey?

MULVEY.—'T is from economy, yer riverince.

FATHER PHELAN.—*Economy, ye lazy divil?*

MULVEY.—Yis—ye see, whiniver Oi worruk Oi always git a terrible thirst, yer riverince; an' whin Oi git a thirst it costs me more to quench it than what Oi earned gitin' it!

THE DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING.

QUERICUS.—Was that their silver wedding?

CYNICUS.—So they announced; but when they come to examine the presents they will be more likely to call it a silver-plated one.

THE GREATEST REQUIREMENT.

HYDE.—You say the Fyfe-Oklocks intend their eldest boy to be an artist? Why, he has no talent!

JECKVLL.—Nevertheless, he has developed an inborn genius for making tea with the samovar, that promises brightly for his future in up-to-date art.

MORAL COURAGE.

Of heros true and staunch and brave
The bravest one is that
Who wears, so seemingly serene,
His last year's sere straw-hat.



A FALSE ALARM.

FATHER (*from top of stairs*).—Annie, has that young man gone?

ANNIE.—Why—er—no, Father.

FATHER (*with sigh of relief*).—Ah, all right! I thought perhaps you had let another one escape.

WANTED PARTICULARS.

BROWN.—Here's an account of a man who has just died after fasting fifty days.

MRS. BROWN.—Gracious! Did it say what he died of?

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

SUMMER HOTEL CLERK (*pointing to new arrival*).—That's the young fellow who used to scare the young ladies he took rowing, by rocking the boat.

PROPRIETOR.—Tell him the place is crowded and you'll have to put him with that old gentleman from Barnes's Corners. That old duck looks as if he'd blow out the gas.



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A MAN never does
 anything in the way a
 woman says it should
 be done. — *Atchison*
Globe.

THE only condition upon which some people are willing to work, is that they
 may do it in the front window. — *Ram's Horn.*

HUNGER never finds fault with the tablecloth. — *Ram's Horn.*

COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award,
 excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bou-
 quet, delicious flavor."

Ten drops of the genuine *Angostura Bitters*, manu-
 factured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS,
 impart a delicious flavor to cold drinks, and prevent
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Tigoral gives vitality!
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 Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.
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 "I knew it would n't be long before they'd be
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WRIGHT'S PARAGON HEADACHE REMEDY
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 and does not
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BOSTON GARTER
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MADE BY
George Frost
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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
 When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
 When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

KICK IF YOU DON'T GET THE
GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR

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Send 2-cent Stamp for our Latest Cigar Folder.

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THE AUTOMATIC REEL
 It will wind up the line a
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 No fish can ever
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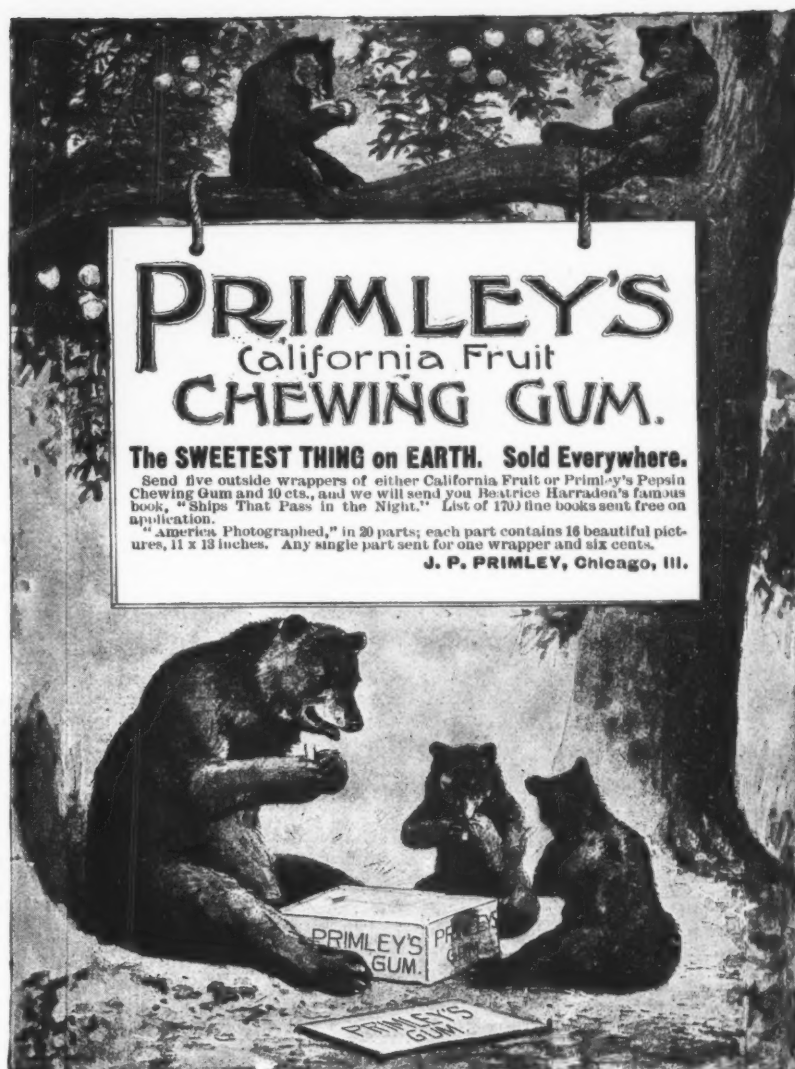
Dogs should be kept off the streets,
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is an educator for housekeepers. You are not obliged to attend it to appreciate the value of Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream. Your Grocer can supply you; always ready; uniform results assured. Insist upon having Borden's.


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HIS FATHER.—Yes, my son.
JOHNNY.—Well, then, is a man born in Holland a Hole?—*Truth.*



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PEPSIN GUM.
THE PERFECTION
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A DELICIOUS
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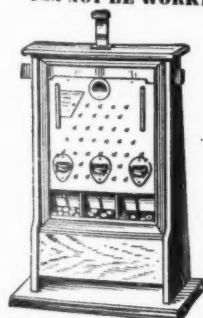
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COLD IN HEAD
PRICE 50CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

WHERE THE PUNISHMENT FITS
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DANTÉ (*on tour in Hades*).—But what is that vast central pit where seething flames boil and bubble in one vast cauldron?

VIRGIL.—There abideth mortals of that stripe
who on the earth did ask and ask again, "Is this
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Whew! This is a Scorcher!

The best thing to cool the brain and blood is

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Also a tonic for the Stomach.

Trial size 1 Oc.

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stands without a rival. 'Equal' to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send

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 Use the **HARMLESS SMOKER**
NO SMOKE
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

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She came from the
rolling ocean
And hoisted her
parachute,
For fear that some
falling rain-
drops
Might light
on her bath-
ing-suit.



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The SOHMER Piano received the first and highest award at the California Midwinter Exposition.

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From the Publishers, 35 Cts.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

WIFE.—How people gaze at my new dress! I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris.

HUSBAND.—More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank.—*New York Weekly.*

THE only apparent effect of advanced civilization seems to be that children begin to worry at an earlier age.—*Atchison Globe.*

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The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle. From the moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and ripeness. "Canadian Club" Whisky is particularly adapted for medicinal use. When not obtainable from local dealers we will gladly supply consumers direct upon application.

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223 and 224 Monadnock Block.



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

MR. RAHWAY MEADOWS (in the Museum of Natural History).—Wa-al, I'll be consarned! I wonder where the skeleton of that mosquito come from?

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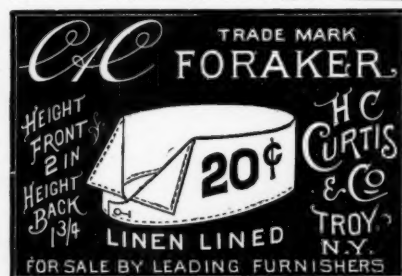
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Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection - - of Olive Oil.

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New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assists the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Mention PUCK. LOUISVILLE, Ky.



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Are you, can't sleep, can't eat, tired, thirsty? Blood poor?

It's a tonic you want—

Hires' Rootbeer.

This sparkling, exhilarating, and refreshing drink, while being far more agreeable in bouquet and flavor than the finest wine or champagne, is at the same time unlike them, being free from alcohol.

A temperance drink for temperance people, delicious and wholesome as well. Purifies the blood, tickles the palate.

Package makes five gallons.

Ask your storekeeper for it.

Take no substitutes.

Send a-cent stamp to Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, for beautiful picture cards.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

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Leaves Grand Central Station, New York, at 10:30 A. M. to-day.

Arrives Lake Shore Station, Chicago, at 9:30 A. M. to-morrow.

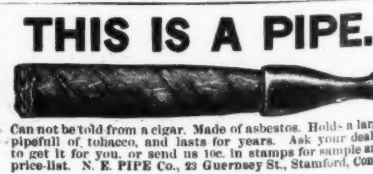
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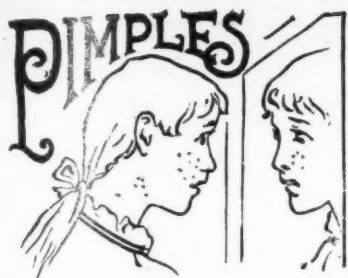
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O'HARA (blushing, as he unloads a consignment of statuary).—Be th' powers above! If me Mary Ann cud see me now, Oi'd not have a whole bone in me body!

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MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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HAS JUST RECEIVED THE
HIGHEST AWARD AND GOLD MEDAL
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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.
BIERSTEIN.—I dink I go by Filla-defy. I no can gedt a chob in Ni Yorick.
ZWEILAGER.—Vats der matter mit you? Vy don't you do as me, and make oudt you vas an Irishmans?

The use of **BOKER'S BITTERS** excites the appetite, cures dyspepsia, and prevents colic.

PUCK'S DOMESTIC 25c.
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on any Bicycle
adds to the pleasure of cycling. You feel secure—can trust it. Such a tire
Is the **"G. & J." Pneumatic** (HIGHEST AWARD AT WORLD'S FAIR) simplest and safest made—corrugated non-slipping surface.
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ALL HAVE "G. & J." TIRES.
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ON A BICYCLE**



Is the title of an interesting narrative now running in the *Century*. The authors took a Kodak with them on their perilous journey, and secured a magnificent series of views, many of which are used in illustrating their articles. In a recent letter they say:

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splendid training of heads and hands, all inspired with ambition for continual improvement in both design and construction, keeps Columbias far in the lead, and makes them the standard bicycles of the world—unequalled, unapproached.

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It is stated by editors who are envious that Senator Ingalls has been offered the editorship of a powder magazine.—*Atchison Globe*.

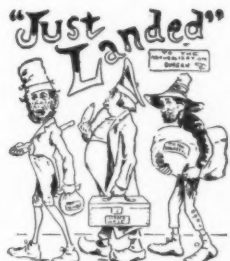
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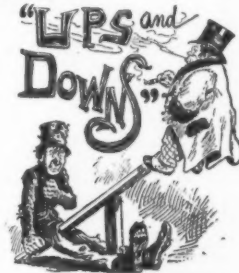
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LONESOMEHURST

Being **PUCK'S** Best Things
About Suburban Weal
and Woe.



"Having swung my hammock high up between two tall palms, I made myself pretty comfortable,



—until, happening to hear a low, whining sound beneath me, I looked down. Judge of my horror, gentlemen, when I beheld two ferocious lions!



Thinking to appease them, I threw down my jar of molasses, without which I never travel.



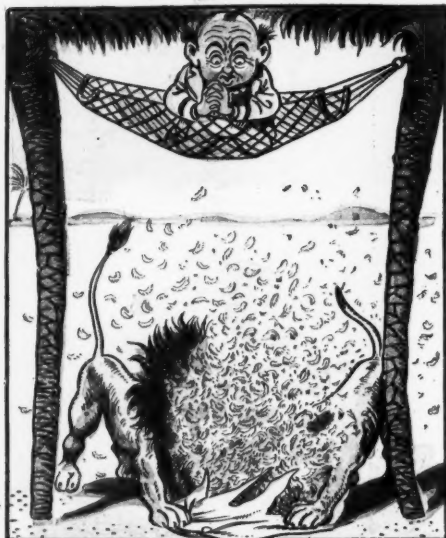
I was not surprised to see them eagerly lap it up, for it was the best XX Sugar House that money could buy.



Having finished this, save what stuck to their whiskers, they began to howl again.



I had nothing left now but my feather pillow, another article I never leave behind, and the pillow followed the molasses.



The voracious beasts sprang at it and tore it to pieces. "Better to lose your pillow than your life," was my inward comment.



However, retribution was at hand. The feathers stuck to the molasses, and the beasts' efforts to remove them were laughable to see.



Becoming frantic with rage, it all ended in a fierce fight. In all my travels, never have I beheld such a conflict.



But such a terrific combat could not last long. It ended by both beasts being killed. They were dead when my servants returned.



Knowing I had no arms, my servants at once surmised that I had slain the beasts by witchcraft; and to this day I am regarded with fearsome awe in all that part of Africa as Uji-Wujii-Womba,—“He who slays lions in his sleep.”